

Innis Herald
'95-'96
Sept. 1995
Volume 31
Issue 1



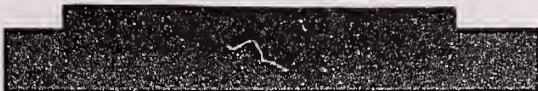
**frosh
fever**



**fly
high**

sept. 1995

issue 1,
volume 31



As a forum for student views and news, *The Innis Herald* strives for excellence in the promotion of creativity. It is both fact and fiction; a magazine that seeks to share the works of talented artists, writers, and musicians.

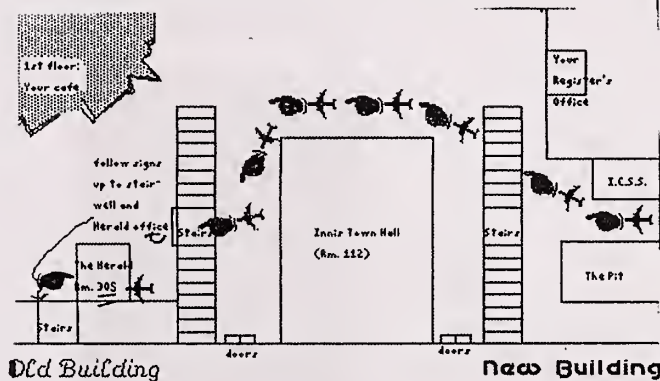
Do not call us a newspaper. We do not have a world beat news section, nor do we ever hope to have one (at least anything that vaguely resembles *The Varsity*). Only regard us as a "form of escape from the mundane routines of scholastics and such." We care about food for the soul, be it in the shape of beer, or otherwise.

The Innis Herald is a sophisticated piece of indulgence. We expose the tumultuous minds of scandalous inventors and probe the shady recesses of the imagination. We attempt to enlighten your jaded view of T.O. with coloured bits of info on current gigs, film festivals, and tasty venues.

Suffice to say, we of *The Innis Herald* staff welcome all facets of expression. Write us a song, draw us a picture, send us tapes of yourself dancing nude in the rain. Trivialities are commonplace and censorship is only a memory.

Editor - in - Chief
Diane Sidik

The Innis Compound



Definitely not to scale.
We have deadlines. We can draw better than this. Prove us wrong.

MAP TO GET TO US

Quote from our Prez:

*I wrote
this quote back in February.
When's it going to print?*

-Andy Ling
ICSS President
(When you write a better quote).

the innis herald september 1995
the late but still here Innis Herald

The Innis Herald

"a penny 4 yer thoughts, a
dollar of your money"*

The "Executive"/people who run
around screaming in a hissyfit
of "where are (blankity-
blank's) (!@#\$%^&*) arti-
cles!???"--this only masked
their calm, inner peace of
mind:

diane sidik, editor

r. murray -assistant editor in charge of layout production/person you
blame if you don't like the way this looks, but forgive her it's her first
shot at laying everything out.

borphan, newly elected treasurer

stan chan, assistant editor/treasurer from last year but a guiding
light in foggy chaos..."we love you Stan."

Editors/last year's staff of
nomadic yet creative wanders--
-where are you my children?
Come back home to 305.

erinn freypons...news erin sims...random thoughts
rob judget...graphics sally blake...co-editor deb lamb...high goddess
of layout, thanx for latenight/afternoon advice george stone, alan,
michael...sains of the layout team caroline meyer...photography
charles yung...distribution Ed Chee...Innis Logo

Lovely people who contributed/new editors

Antonia Lee... art & lit. (hooray! she got people to submit stuff! She
shines, as usual). Noami Freeman...music Stan Chan, L.B.A. H.K.C.
W.F.L. Linda Galvin Kristjan Ahnerson
Ed Gass-Donnelly Marijke de Looze Diana Holec Kelly Shaw
Jayda Stewart Borphan Craig Morrison David Zaks Kevin Thirds

Location:

Innis College

2 Sussex Avenue T.O. Hogtown (because Harris is here.) MSS
115 Room 305 (Old Building) follow the map you'll get there
eventually. Wear your runners-lots of stairs. But it's all worth it.
(416) 978-4748 Fax (416) 978-5503

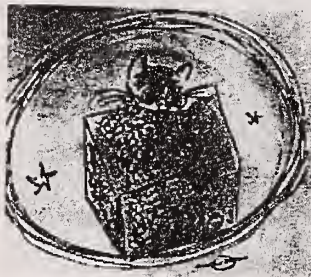
Office Hours: To be announced

The Innis Herald is a monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. As
noted in our Constitution, this paper can serve as a means of communication
between College groups and students...and those outside the Innis Compound)...a
vehicle for student involvement in the college, as an alternate or supplement to
involvement in other areas of the College. As a publication, we strive to be an
alternative to the other campus newspapers. The paper's primary goal is to be
fun and irreverent. We publish intelligent thoughtful, humorous and artistic pieces
such as articles, poems, short stories and drawings. The paper's secondary
goal is to keep Innis students informed about College events and concerns. We
try to maintain a liberal view point, but ultimately all opinions in the paper are
attributable only to their authors. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy-so
WRITE. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or
homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted
will most likely be published, but if your work is accompanied by the author's
signature and telephone number so we can contact you about editing or praise
your for your work feed you, etc. -then you are almost assured of being revered.
Submissions that are submitted on a Mac diskette in Word 5.1 or PageMaker 5.0
are not only immensely appreciated-the author will be deified and we will hold
celebrations on your behalf/come a day after you. (Nota bene for those who
submit pen on paper: we look a little less kindly on you, but shucks we'll take it
just cuz we love you.) The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald
attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College
and the student body. But since you're the student body, come in and say we wish
us or write your own articles. See your name in print! Inflame millions!
Corrupt the elders! Be a part of the Herald Malestrom.

* One dollar of every Innis student's incidental fees goes towards the Innis Herald. It's
yours so use it or lose it. Write-we're here for you...so instead of potentially saying (my
money goes to THEM???) write for us. It's not amalgamation-it's just the Herald.

Cover: 17.43 The Man Who Left His
Film (Nagisa Oshima, 1970).

Frosh and why we're thinking of you.



Welcome to T.O.
if you're new...
Have fun in Innis
Rez if you're in...

From out of town
and you feel



Very easy to be
lost in the crowd
(especially in
some of the
larger classes). *

like PSY 100 with 900. No joke.
But at least you're in the historic
Con. Hall. Sit up close,
and pray that your prof speaks
loudly.

Then at last Ping was back with his mother and his
her and two sisters and three brothers and eleven
aunts and seven uncles and forty-two cousins. Home
-in on the wise-eyed boat on the Yangtze river.



Look on the
bright side-no-
one is there to
scream at you to
get up. If you
miss, they don't
notice.

Joining clubs,
teams and
meeting people
in your classes
will help you
figure things out.
Yet not alone.

But skip
judiciously
-you don't
pay \$400
to skip



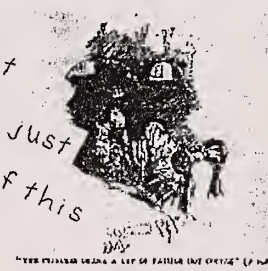
Looking for
classes is
occasionally
frantic, but like
everything,
you'll get used to

it. (*One trend is to put English
classes in Chem. buildings. You'll
get used to it.)

You'll be doing
a lot of this..



...but
hopefully just
as much of this





Going Out in Toronto: A Beer Perspective

by Cass Enright

As this issue of the *Innis Herald* is dedicated to the first year students, this article is dedicated to educating those first year students who are unfamiliar with Toronto and good Toronto beer, or those other students who are familiar with Toronto, yet still drink Molson Canadian at bars. The information in this article has been compiled over many beer outings round Toronto by the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society (IBCS). Our club's primary focus is to experience the best Toronto beer and pubs. You can use this list to sample some of Toronto's finest on your own, but you should also join the club (it's free!) to experience fully what Toronto beer has to offer.

Our premier beer pub in Toronto (remember our criteria is strictly beer), worthy of the only Golden Tap award ever given out, is C'est What, located at 67 Front St. E at 19 Church St. (go south to Front St, and walk east to Church, and there are two entrances.) This pub is located underground, with jagged brick walls and couches and board games to soothe after a long hard day. Their beer selection, the pub's main strength, is excellent. They have five homebrews, their flagship being the Coffee Porter, a very dark beer brewed with roasted coffee beans. Another regular is the Mild Brown Ale, a low alcohol ale, but the other homebrews change regularly, from rye beers to mountain ales, bitters to chocolate ales. The other twenty commercial taps consist of no products produced by Labatts or Molsons (very respectable) and nothing produced outside of Ontario (very noble). This is no place to go for a Guinness or Smithwicks, but the fine Ontario beers they have are great. Try the Trafalgar Brewery selection, normally the Abbaye Belgian Ale or possibly the Downrigger Bock. They have many other fine beers from Wellington County, Connors, Hart, Brick, Thames Valley, Amsterdam, Creemore Springs and Niagara Falls, which is one of the more finer breweries in Canada. Worth a try from Niagara Falls is the Apple Ale, the Olde Jack Strong Ale, or the Brocks Extra Stout. C'est What is a great beer experience and a true example of a Canadian-style pub.

One of the more famous Toronto pubs is the Rotterdam Brewing Co., located at 600 King St. W. (walk south down Spadina and go west once you reach King St.) This pub offers what is probably Toronto's largest selection of beers (when combined with their bottled beers, of course), and about 30 taps. The Rotterdam, however has been in a decline recently, as they have had up to 40 taps online and more of their homebrews available. Normally they have three or four of their Amsterdam homebrews available, usually the Amber Lager, Natural Blonde, Nut Brown Ale and Wheat. They also offer during early summer a Framboise, which is a red-coloured raspberry flavoured beer, but is extremely expensive. They have the standard popular brands from Upper Canada and Sleemans, plus Moosehead, Creemore, Brick and others. They have a selection of about ten foreign brews, including Double Diamond, Newcastle Brown Ale, Beck and Grolsch. An interesting feature of Rotterdam is that you can get three 4 oz. samples of any of their beers for 1 think two dollars and change. This is a good way to sample different beers without having to down a whole glass. Pretty good food too.

Another good pub, if slightly out of the way, is the Bow and Arrow, located at 1954 Yonge St., north of Davisville (at the subway station of the same name.) They have 14 tapped beers, a good selection of Wellington, Niagara Falls, Amsterdam, Creemore, Upper Canada and Hart. There are no foreign beers served and only two nonbeers offered (Labatt and Molson products.) Take special note of the Niagara Falls Brocks Extra Stout, a dark beer (very yummy). One of the nicer aspects of the Bow and Arrow is that on Saturdays and Sundays (all day) their pints are only \$3.99 (tax included) and pool is free, which is a great price for both.

So now you have a small taste of some of the places that the IBCS may frequent on a pub crawl. However, we are not made of money and TTC tokens, so we also like to go where it's cheap and close. By Innis standards, if something is not less than two blocks away, it's too far. So here is a list of some of the local places to swill, with points of interest (if any).

Selynn's. St. George and Bloor, right beside the shoe museum, the place with the yellow overhang. A decent pub, with a few beers, but the main draw is their \$6.49 pitcher (50 oz.) Thursdays, the best being the Sleemans Cream Ale or the Waterloo Dark. I try to not schedule classes on Fridays because of this place. Ferret & Firkin. Spadina south of Bloor. Close to Innis, a standard English-style pub with decent selection and prices.

The Madison. Madison Avenue, in between Spadina and St. George, north of Bloor. Innis' customary party pub, where most of the college-sponsored pubs take place. A hefty selection of beers, but an equally hefty fee to get them. Go when Innis is willing to pay.

The Brunswick House. Brunswick Ave. and Bloor St. Probably Toronto's most famous pub, and you may be tempted to go. I only have one thing to say: don't. You really don't want to go here, but if you do, and you do drink, be sure to ask for your beer in the bottle with the cap on. Trust me.

Rowers. Harbord St. west of Spadina. Another decent pub, with good food and a decent tap selection.

There are a number of establishments on Bloor in between Spadina and Bathurst St., including James Joyce's Irish Pub, The Tap, Pauper's and the Lion Pub. Notable of these is the Lion Pub, where they always have \$8 pitchers (50 oz.), including such good brands as Upper Canada Lager.

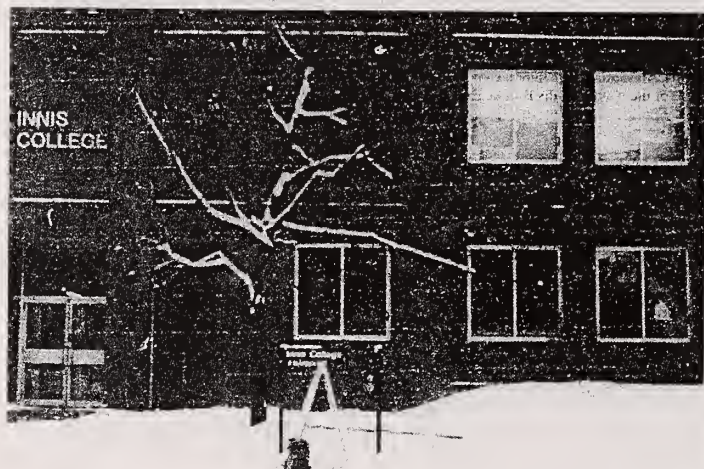
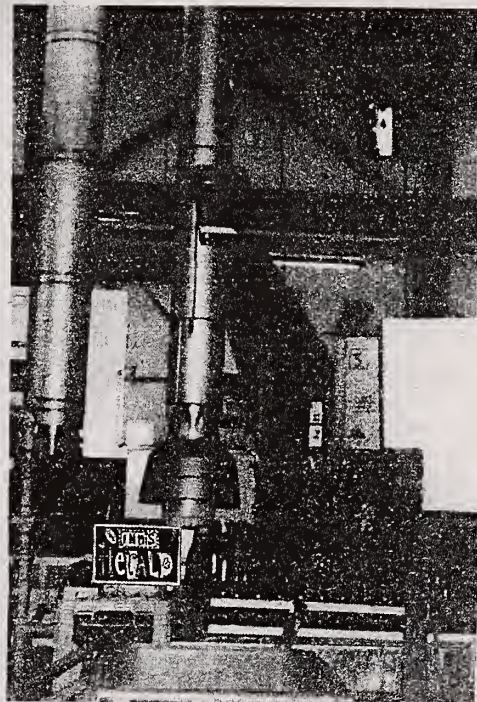
I hope this little guide can help you in your search for good beer in downtown Toronto. Our club, the Innis Beer Connoisseurs society, is forever dedicated to the appreciation of fine beers. I would like to extend an invitation to all Innis students to come out and join the beer club when it begins this fall. We are planning pub crawls to the best drinking establishments in Toronto, organized tastings of the LCBO's great selection of bottled beers, tours of local breweries (such as Upper Canada) and non-local (Niagara Falls, Trafalgar) plus a introduction of homebrewing, the art of crafting your own beer. For those who love beer, rejoice, the beer club is here!



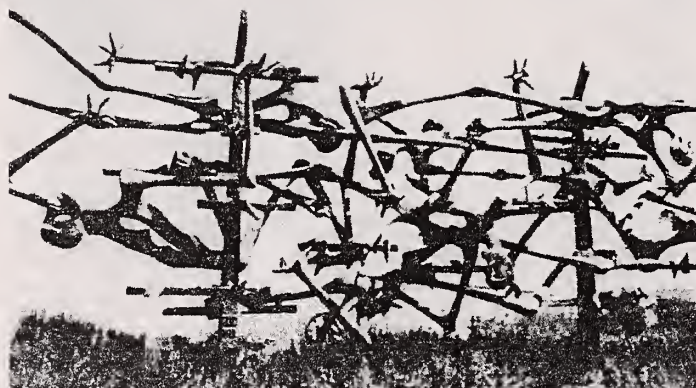


Not King of the Herald, but a fine man of great (brew-
ing) knowledge.

He is your guide to brewing. He runs the Innis
Homebrewing Club. And no, this doesn't mean the
Herald has a still.



R.
I.
P.
A.



Side effects from a 9-5 life.
Buy CANADIAN - drink more Algenquint. **5** Ak.



the innis herald: march/april 1995.

SCANDAL ON STAGE

film
at 11



play on
Sept
19th



War & Sex Meet at Midnight!

The women of Athens stage a sex-strike to stop the war. Can the brave Athenian men control themselves? Or is peace finally in the cards? *Lysistrata* is a musical comedy about seduction and frustration, war and peace, domination and submission. Award-winning artistic director and A.C.O.C. founder Greg Robie brings to the Poor Alex his unforgettable adaptation of Aristophanes' most popular and explicit comic masterpiece, *Lysistrata* will run Thursday, Friday and Saturday, **ONLY AT MIDNIGHT!** This fast-paced play is an excellent reason to stay up past bed-time!!!



Opens September 28!

Tickets \$10.00-\$12.50

(includes GST; some service charges may still apply)

Salvation Lies in Comic Drama!

A rambunctious musical-comedy about Socrates and his fanatical students in Ancient Athens. This preposterous play features irreverent parodies of popular songs from Gilbert and Sullivan, Wagner, Verdi, Bellini, Mozart, and even a Slovenian Polka. *Clouds* lends itself effortlessly to the modern stage, with Socrates as a caricature of the egocentric university professor, and the very model of an ancient intellectual. When originally staged by Aristophanes, *Clouds* won 3rd prize (out of three plays) at the Athenian Festival of Dionysos in 423 B.C. At the Poor Alex Theatre in 1995, *Clouds* makes its triumphant musical return.

Opens September 19!

Tickets \$12.50-24.50

(includes GST; some service charges may still apply)

Twenty minutes. No intermission. 17th & Spadina



Poor
Alex
Theatre

Gilbert and Sullivan Go Greek!!!

Under artistic director Greg Robie, the Ancient Comic Opera Co. has developed into one of Toronto's most original and exciting theatre companies. Robie's bold and innovative adaptations of these classic comedies prove that the Greeks were not only tragic and philosophical, but also ingeniously funny. Staged as musicals (as they were originally in Ancient Greece), these comedies feature the best-known melodies from opera, operetta, and other popular genres. Join the Ancient Comic Opera Co. soon for an evening of brilliant musical comedy in one of Toronto's most intimate theatres: the historic Poor Alex.



the inns herald september 1995

Call our box office:

(416) 944-2329

For group rates call:

(416) 530-8350



WAITING FOR YOU ALONE ON THE CITY STREET

Antonia

by Antonia Yee

It is now five minutes past seven o'clock. The sun, although no longer visible in the sky, still somehow manages to illuminate the evening. I am late. But you are later, so I wait to meet you alone on the street.

And I am scared, although it is daylight — because it is daylight, and I am watching you and am frightened because I fear that you are watching me too. Maybe I just have an ego-problem. Maybe I believe that the world revolves around me and ceases to exist beyond what I know, feel, see, hear, smell and what I think I am. Maybe I am just insecure. Maybe you are thinking exactly what I am thinking and I am not so unique after all.

But you all seem to fit in here. It is I who look awkward and alone standing outside the entrance to the pool hall. You walk by with confidence, as though you are going somewhere, as though you have purpose to your presence. Or maybe you walk by in ignorance and are smiling only to yourself as you daydream.

So I watch you, the woman with her hair all done-up in a fancy french twist tottering down the sidewalk on highheels tripping over the cracks as you pass me by, with your crippled feet and raspberry lipstick.

I see you with the blond hair and wonder if it is natural or whether you colour it yourself or in a salon. The girl behind you with attitude has done a major dye job to her hair and walks arm in arm with another girl decorated by a nose ring spewing that fucking street slang and I wonder whether you are lesbian lovers, but I don't really care.

I watch the old man go by whose hair is slicked over that balding spot on the top of his head and I ask myself whether his hair is always wet or whether it is just really greasy or does he use gel to get that high glossy shine which separates the strands of hair into those thin clumps all measured exactly to the space in-between tines of a dollar-store comb.

I watch you, the young man with the black leather knapsack all clean-cut and clean-shaven and spunky with those telltale earphones stuck to the wax in your ears walking down the street as you go preceded by the rumble of a hectic bass and wonder that you haven't been hit by a car as you walk through traffic oblivious to the horns and not choosing or not remembering to turn your head from side to side before you cross.

And mentally I am cursing you because you are late and have left me just standing with nothing to do but looking ridiculous hovering outside this door, moving only to let patrons in and out who stare at me absently, and I resent the fact that I believe they are pitying me. "Stood-up", is what they are thinking. And if it were night I could hide in the enclave, pressing myself against its dark brick walls, camouflaging like a chameleon and only sheltering my eyes from the occasional bright glare of headlights making illegal turns on the city street.

I see you, the young man in the iridescent purple Mustang, cruising in traffic and you stare at me for a lingering moment and I feel uncomfortable in the thought that you think I am staring at you and admiring your custom-painted car and I am not. I am not like everyone else and although they may openly stare at your car I quickly avert my eyes because I don't want to be seen looking at it — because I know that you want me to and I don't want to give you the satisfaction.

And suddenly I see ahead of me a beautifully polished black Kawasaki and I remember that it is spring and the sun is shining and that I wish that the owner would suddenly appear out of a nearby cafe and I would ask him (I know that it is sexist to presume the owner is a him, but I dream that this is so because maybe at this moment I just want to hang on tightly burying my face in the smell of well-worn leather and the musky gigolo scent of Drakkar Noir) I would ask him to please take me for a ride and that no, I don't need a helmet because I want desperately to feel the racing wind tearing at the roots of my hair although this isn't practical and even dangerous and probably against the law...I can feel my scalp tingle in anticipation.

Right now though, I am trying hard not to smoke because that is what I always do when I am waiting, which is often, for it always seems as though I am waiting for something exciting to happen in my life and I don't know what it is, but I do know that I am still waiting, although not for Godot. Or if I am not standing, or sitting and waiting, I am wandering the streets alone (I know that whatever I am waiting for is going to happen just to me, so I spend time alone, in hopes that whatever I am waiting for will happen then, since it is only happening to me and no one else, so they cannot be there when it happens, or if they are then I will have wasted my time waiting for what already happened, but could not happen just to me, since I was with someone else).

So I am trying very hard not to smoke, although it keeps my hands busy, the hands which I am restraining by leaning on them behind my back against the cool brick wall and I imagine that this looks awkward, since I am pushing my stomach out and it looks as though I may be five months pregnant. People are probably clucking their tongues at: "shaking their heads and thinking, "All these teenage mothers. Drinking, smoking and doing drugs no doubt, on the street outside the pool hall while our taxes go up to support these deadbeats." Damn them anyway, although I am not pregnant, not smoking, drinking or doing drugs outside the pool hall.

I will not have a cigarette until you arrive and when you do I will not curse you for being late but will smile and answer, "No, I haven't been waiting long", when that is a lie and I have and it has frightened me and made me feel uncomfortable. But after the first game of snooker I will forget, so there is no point in bringing it up now.

I look around to make sure that no one has been standing on the street as long as I have and therefore knows just exactly how long I have been standing here when I am distracted by the man sitting across the street so that I can only see his head, like a great big cardboard cutout pasted over the roof of a blue Sunbird. I stand here, dreading the people who walk by, glance at me and are gone, only to return walking the other way a few minutes later, and that yes, I have been standing here for quite a while now.

And then the street person walks by me, long hair uncombed, muttering to himself about Nazis and mermaids and I think to myself — I am not so much different from you because I think all these crazy thoughts in my head only I do not speak them aloud to myself as I walk aimlessly the city streets because I have someone to talk to about these things and relieve my brain of these odd ideas whereas you probably have few friends and few people willing to listen seeing as you smell and cannot afford the scent of deodorant to lure and maintain a captive audience while you damn the world and inanimate objects with equal fervor which have committed offences against you both real and imagined and I understand that you need to speak of these things aloud to rid yourself of your thoughts or else you will go mad. And since you have no one you tell them to yourself and all this I understand and I sympathize and if you want to tell me I will listen. Because you are lonely and people probably look at you the way that they are looking at me now, I can understand.

And then I see the hippie-lady in sandals and long flowered skirt, small round sunglasses and long mildly wavy brown hair parted in the middle and spread all gracefully like a giant carpet down your back and I think how proud you must be of it because it shines with auburn highlights in the sun as you sway from side to side laden with seemingly heavy environmentally friendly shopping bags overflowing with royal chineite plates and plastic forks and I wonder if you are planning a picnic outside Queen's Park to picket against taxes.

And I am drowned in the overwhelming feeling that everyone here belongs to this mosaic on the street, each person a carefully fitting tile, each unique and I find that even those people with the pushed in pug-nose faces and the woman with the dark peach-fuzz over her upper lip and those fat old men, lumbering like large bears, growling over their tremendous black fur-lined bellies which hang over and spill onto their pants...and I am glad that their pants are high enough still that their sweaty bum-cracks are not enjoying the sights of the city because I don't really need to see that — these people are beautiful and suddenly I wonder if people see me as one of the tiles, or whether I am not.

So I think that you better damn well have a good excuse for being late (although I won't ask you so don't worry), I am just trying very hard not to smoke. And I wonder if this happens to you when you wait for me, if you are frightened too. Or if because you are a man people look at you differently like you have the right to stand in front of this goddamn pool hall by yourself

SEPTEMBER CALENDER
THE DOOR ALEX

- 9 This Ain't No Stinkin Joke 8 PM (Stand up comedy)
- 10 The Thing (Comedy) 8PM
- 12 McGill St. Magazine 8PM
- 18 Brick Books Launch 8PM (Hosted by Helen Humphrey)
- 19 Little Alex Party for the Production of "Clouds" (Aristophanes) launch 10PM
- 21 Fund Raiser (Deter Henelm) 8PM
- 26 Seraphim Editions Launches Wyatt Earp in Dallas 6:30PM
- 27 Beyond The Car Book Launch 8PM
- 28 Little Alex Party for the Production of "Lysistrata" (Aristophanes) launch 10PM

all day long and still be long or if you are more secure than I am and are not uncomfortable or afraid or if you are just ignorant to the people on the street and it doesn't cross your mind that they might be thinking of you or maybe you just pass your time in an egocentric waking fantasy.

So I decide to smile at you all instead of looking miserable as I stand here alone, because I don't want your pity. So I glue on my fake smile, not too wide, no teeth showing, just a stupid grin and you probably think that I am stoned.

And then some old guy comes up and asks me for money and I say yes and pull a loonie out of my pockets and give it to him, careful not to touch his hand, and he God blesses me and what do I give a damn if he spends that money on booze because it is his and whoever said you can't buy happiness, or at least a cheap thrill, lied.

I turn my attention to you, a slim no-hipped girl you look like a model and I wonder if you can even give birth because your pelvis is so tiny I think that they would have to crack it if you wanted to have a natural childbirth or otherwise they will have to slice your stomach open and maybe that would leave an ugly scar and you looking like a model wouldn't want that. Maybe you are dying of AIDS and that is why you are so pale and gaunt, but that is none of my business as you walk by me in skintight painted on black spandex pants which could be tights but are not, with your midriff exposed by a too-short t-shirt covered by a cutoff jean jacket which is all in very bad taste...but I do not condemn you as a slut because you have a very fit body and if you got it why not flaunt it and if my stomach were as flat and flawless as yours I would want to adorn it with shiny metal and show the world too.

And I see the couple in their late twenties strolling down the street and I know that you two are in love, although you do not make goo-goo eyes at each other and you don't hold hands it is as if your souls go hand-in-hand down the street and you are not fooling anyone although you try — and I envy you of your eternal companionship because isn't that what everyone wants? To find someone who doesn't get on your nerves as much as everyone else, so that you can spend most of your life with that person without punching them in the head or going insane.

And suddenly I see you, puppy-dog countenance, begging forgiveness in the way you slink up to me sheepishly, knowing that you are late, knowing that I have probably been waiting and I smile and embrace you and answer "No, I haven't been waiting long." and we ascend the stairs to the pool hall and before the first game is over I have not forgotten, but there is no point in bringing that up now. The moment has passed.

Antonia



HEY WE'RE FAMOUS! Well, maybe not quite...yet. Here we are gratuitously plugging the (original!) work of seventeen year old Ed Gass-Donnelly, a young playwright on his way to certain fame, fortune and flocks of fanatics following him. His credits include: the prestigious John Fisher award from the Etobicoke School of the Arts, an award of excellence in playwrighting from the Ontario Sears Drama Festival, as well as acting, directing and composing music for productions such as *The Good Doctor*, *Rumours of Our Death*, *Never Swim Alone*, and his latest writing and directing feat *See Dick and Jane* (which, incidentally, I had the immense pleasure of seeing this August) So Ed, good luck in the future and may the artistic Gods be with you!!! Look for Ed's upcoming productions next summer in conjunction with the Looking Glass Stage.

A Thousand Lives that Died for Me

I'm in this place
And it is very dark.
I cannot see past my own eyes.

There is a thick, musty fog
Which slithers it's way
Along the bottom of the forest floor.

There are so many elders
Who stand in their wisdom
Protecting us from the harshness of nature.

We seemed to come here with ambition.
An idea flashed before us,
Like the instant you missed something
Which was monstrously important.

Now, I am like all others.
I am in my unclothed state.
We are together here,
Everything is more natural
Than could be felt with the heart.
Only pleasantries are here.

...The cool, misty breath of new air
...The soft, signalling breeze of the night.

There exists only that which is necessary
All other irrelevancies
Are disregarded.
They are put aside,
To bask in the shadow of yesterday...

As we lie here,
Feeling nothing but warmth and comfort,
I can't possibly
Think of things that perpetually annoy me.
There is a difference here.
There is a difference here.

Anyone could feel this.
Anyone could feel this with their heart.

As I fancifully caress her cheek
I note that her incredible beauty
Only seems fit to be here.
Nowhere else is pure enough for her.
Only this place

Only this time.
Certainly, she does not belong in my arms,
not righteously, anyway.

I'd like to take her lips,
And show them somewhere worthwhile.

I'd like to engulf her mind
In what is really real.
What she is exposed to
Is so entirely a facade...
It makes me sick.

I want her to be somewhere
Where she'll be safe,
Where she'll be happy.
Where people will stop and think.

It seems funny,
How things happen this way.

One second,
I'm here in this magnificent place,
The next...

...I'm back somewhere fake
somewhere translucent
somewhere thin.



Few places evoke such thought.
Few thoughts evoke so much emotion,
and Few emotions spark so much love.

...there is so much to say
and so very little useful ink left in my head.

Until I divide this greatness
Among those who need it more than I,
I am nothing but a changed gladiator
...a beaten barbarian
...a cataclysm old man.

And in my difference of wisdom,
I relish with the thought
Of playing at the bottom of the canopy,
In the edges of the river,
Where thousands of lives

have died before me.

- Kelly Shaw



RAP TAP TAP

by

Ed Gass-Donnelly

Rap tap tap, rap tap tap. Rhythm beats on.
Monotone all the way, twenty cars long.
One after one after one after two,
enter it's jaws as you commonly do.

(LOOK)

Sits in the corner with paper in hand,
perched with the daily news, painfully bland.
Pecks at it, pecks at it, eats it away,
Swallowing sentences, words are his prey.

(SHIFT)

Deep within, far within, rolls a low hum.
Grates out it's words in a tone coarse and numb.
Day after day after day after week,
constantly on the path, constantly bleak.

(SHIFT)

One is not like the voice. Colour, not cold.
But social privation has taken it's toll.
Plasticine, gelatin, cosmetic mold.
Bright colour lost to the new fashions sold.

(SHIFT)

Glancing, eyes dancing, they now look at me;
Them like I, wondering "what does he see?"
They look at I look at I look at we,
journeying off into infinity.

(RETURN)

Rap tap tap, calls upon us to disperse
into the matrices rhythm and verse.
Bar after bar after bar after line,
dreariness fills the air time after time.

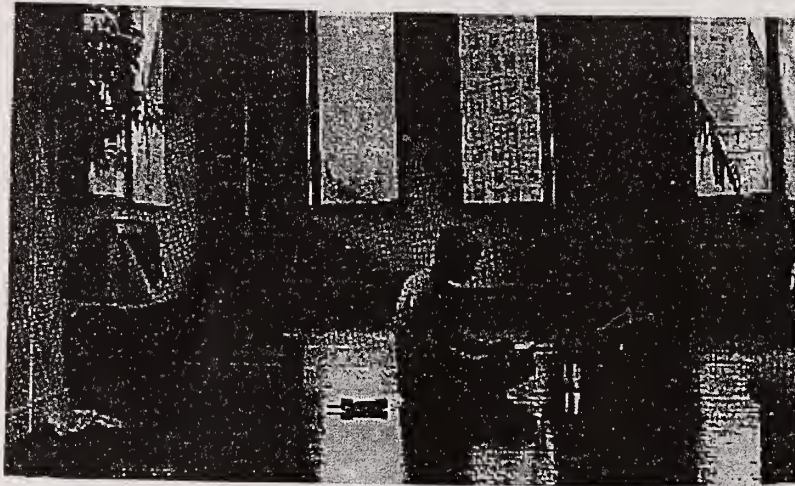
Tap tap tap, rip tip tip. Hark, there's a change,
succulent variance just out of range.
Not all in unison, for there are some,
footsteps, a skip or two, in step with none.

(SAVE)

See, I told you so!!! The Innis Herald really is a magnet for rising stars and literary types. If I were you, I would save this issue incase any one of our featured writers manages to beat the odds. Then you can tell your grandkids about how it all started at a funky little place known as Innis College, and how close you were to that writer, and how the both of you went drinking this one night...



Antonia



Fences.

So they say, so they say.
Another Tuesday, tomorrow Wednesday.
A needle in a haystack,
A comma in a book of periods,
A poem in a stack of essays,
A door in a warehouse of mirrors,
A tree in a forest of fires

But really, nothing but a blanket -
Covering my ailing grandmother's head
In a thick cloth and paint style

Funny, isn't it? how simple hinges
Upon which life exist
Simply hang like trap doors,
Suspended by guy wires
Over ridiculously long distances.

But in this tin can
With rotted, fermented water
And dials with seaweed, and
In case of "notwithstanding's"...

The shelter you've made for yourself
Exists only in your own regime
And nothing penetrates your boundaries.

- Kelly Shaw

Rachel's Dream-
This picture coming true. An empty loft (minimalist, whatever).
Or a field with a house on it. Little else matters.



I Opened My Fanciful Shop

Now,

The things that you find on the shelves
Aren't your usual whistles and bells.
They hop and they ring
And tumble and sin
And do everything else for themselves.

Hidden behind by new counters
Are boxes and fresh loads of flowers.
Buttons and beads
And sesame seeds
And goodies to gaze at for hours.

Hanging above from my ceiling
Are herbs that are quite good for healing.
Apples and pears
And orange teddy bears
And a banana I've not finished peeling.

There's a rack right next to the door
Laden with sweaters and dresses and more.
Bracelets and hats
Runners and flats
And a kitten who naps on the floor.

If you long to curl up with a book
I've got plenty of those in the nook.
Some old and some new
A fairytale or two
My favourite's 'bout the guy with the hook.

At the back of the store stands a willow
And a ten foot tall pile of pillows.
They're green, pink and red,
You climb up to bed
and snooze 'til the sun finds your window.

In order to find my abode
Listen carefully to what you're told.
Close your eyes and turn right
Walk backwards all night
Then sit down by the side of the road.

Before you there should be a tree
Of enormous proportions it'll be.
Find the leaf that is pink
Look both ways then wink
When the door opens just ask for me.

If you're wondering how much it'll be
The answer is everything's free.
For your favourite stuff
Is not worth enough
When not shared with your loved ones you see.

-Jayda Stewart

Purple is what I'm using

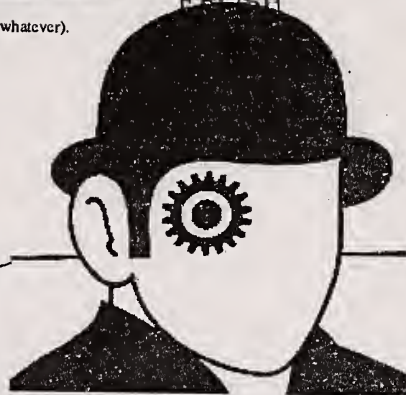
by Kelly Shaw

A rice cake
has flown by my head.
Small fragments
have landed in my hair.

itchy.



FROSH



Le story est une threee parts, eh.
P'introduction (with a French
accent, come on)

i think i have to shave
a little bit by the nape
green sparkles adorn my olive skin
with my sunshine absorbed retinas.
...leaks out between my unshaven legs
my little mole above my right brow
hangs isosceles to the ones on my cheek.
my 'smaller than pea soup' nose
sniffs "eome closer, take a bigger peek".
i have uncreased earlobes
which deflect me from heart disease.
i walk through walls and flying trees.
i flutter through my fancy in some near
as i fall down your flight of stairs.

le climax

a he ha ho - why?
heeaaoour - do you need me to laugh again?
ah hooowhat? he e eh, eh...
amphlalha, he - he
AHHHHH, A H H H H H, hiko har - uhhhlkth ah, ha ho ho.
oh, my stomach! ohhh hhh - my god...
ahheeh - eughmtmma thlast
eughm - hum - hum...

le denouement

my coughing chokes my little neck
as fevers run rampant in my family.
my bitten fingernails are very small,
when my shoulder straps come off,
the whole world sees my

*****Schploodtschst*****

and tables eat my dresses
and my carpet cleaning rug-doctorlike
T Shirt.



- Kelly Shaw

the innis herald: march/april 1995.

My Prince Charming

By Diana Holec

My mother always told me that there was a certain special boy in the world just perfect for me. Well, at sixteen years of age, I have already found that boy. His name is Rick and he is flawless in every way. Let me tell you about the heavenly date I just returned from, not five minutes ago.

Rick arrived a little early, about half an hour, and I was still blow-drying my hair. The way he blasted the horn repeatedly made me realize just how excited and eager he was to start our very first date. I ran outside quickly and hopped in his truck.

Rick was wearing the most perfectly ripped, just dingy enough black jeans, an interesting heavy metal T-shirt, scruffy sneakers and an old baseball cap. I almost fainted when I saw his rugged good looks. When I looked down at my skirt and blouse, I suddenly felt overdressed and superficial. He is neither vain nor conceited, I thought. I was impressed, for those are two characteristics I find quite undesirable in a boy.

IN THREE DAYS OF HIS FIRST DATE, WITH
NEW INTO THE WINDOW OF THE LOUVER, AND MEETING THE BEAUTIFUL



"THIS MANUSCRIPT REFERS TO THE PRINCE
AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW STOOD. AND IF THE MAIDEN LOOKED
AS FAIR AS THE MOON IN THE DISTANCE, WHEN YOU SAW HER THERE
AS WAS SO BEAUTIFUL AND MILDLY AS THE SUN."

When we arrived at the restaurant, I was immediately in awe; it was one of the most expensive in town. We quickly sneaked in and sat down because poor Rick hadn't had time to make reservations. He is incredibly busy, deciding what trails to go dirt-biking on and what television shows to watch next. He has many responsibilities, so running to a table top speed as the maître d' turned, was the least I could do to ease his stressful life.

When he ordered for the both of us, without consulting me, my heart began to race. This was a no-nonsense, take-charge sort of guy. It didn't matter in the least that he ordered linguini with clam sauce and I am allergic to clams. The manly way in which he did it made my heart thump, as I disentangled clams from the pasta the rest of the night.

While we ate, Rick made some casual conversation, mainly about me. He mentioned my frizzy brown hair that needed a trim, the extra weight on my hips, the scar on my chin and my scraggly nails just enough times for me to realize that I wasn't nearly good enough for him. I vowed to try and improve myself. Besides, he really proved just how perceptive and interested he really was. I mean any boy can tell you that you look good. It is a boy who constantly points out your flaws that truly cares about you.



Rick is also kind to others. I was especially convinced of this when our waitress came around to pour some more water. Rick took the time to compliment her on her legs, her hair and as he sweetly stated, her "luscious lips". In fact, he spent a considerable part of the evening just staring at her to make her feel more of a rapport with us, her customers.

After the meal was finished, Rick leaned back in his chair and let out a beautiful belch. Wow, I thought, he even appreciates good food! Then he did something that really surprised me. He informed me that we were going to run out on the check as fast as possible. I couldn't believe it, he was thrifty too! We jumped in his truck and sped home, going over 140 km/h. This was considerate because I'm sure he didn't want to anger my parents by bringing me home past my curfew.

So now I sit here at precisely 7:30 pm writing to you, my intimate diary, about the prince charming in my life. A handsome, take-charge, perceptive, thrifty, considerate, wonderful guy! His parting words, after his sweet goodnight kiss, are still echoing in my mind. "Goodnight Amber", "Goodnight Amber". Diary, tonight I will have sweet dreams.

-Yours truly, Angela

Antonia

THE FEAST

by Marijke de Looze

I slept fitfully last night. I awoke to images of creamy thighs. Blood ran past my eyes all day; everything was tinted just a tiny bit. I introduced myself to a girl today. She was young. She was blonde, blue-eyed, and bouncy. I worked up a smile and seemed enthused, but all I could see was her second grin, the red one crossing her throat from ear to ear. I believe that if I had had a chance to take her home, I would have let her get up-close and personal with my hunting knife, but she had a very protective, very large, male friend with her. My hair gets longer every day, and my teeth get sharper. My body is preparing for a big payoff, a feast that my mind is unaware of. My bones hunger for blood. I eat my steak almost raw these days, and a sparkle comes to my eyes as the juice dribbles down my chin. I do everything with a violence lately. I even attack sleep, fighting as if the mattress were a woman, lying complacent beneath my thrashing body. I awake bathed in sweat, not sure if the wetness on the bed is sweat or cum. I draw pictures of handcuffs and garters. Yesterday, my mind travelled up Margaret's skirt. It saw her cool thighs, parted slightly, like overripe lips, and it saw her belly... bleeding. The blood dripped on the tile floor in the lecture hall, staining it permanently. My mind recoiled in horror at its own

s h a d o w

I made a friend on Tuesday. A spunky eyes, a lean, strong body, and he wears box-fine and soft, and kept in a braid, and he runs. He said he wants to be a writer. I told him and shit and skin can be the truth, and we a fantasy that we call reality. He said that he truth, that the only truth lies in death. And to death, beating him with my overwhelm-pieces but he faced me again, begging fur had been lost in the deep, vacant tunnels of ing that my unadulterated angst would fuel killed him over and over, in every way im-ferent weapons. They seemed to attack him Caesar. But the more I fought him, the luminescent, ghostlike demon, standing filth. I was the shreds, I was the filth. He The word pierced my eye like a laser flash, pierced my heart. I howled in pain, my into laughter.

The light faded until it was a flicker makes, only with green and purple flames. rating to a beat I apparently could not hear, woman, feeling her dance within my stiff aging me to move as well. Then she turned around, her face convulsing to the rhythm until it formed a paralysing, panicked scream. She did not let out a sound, but her scream echoed, bouncing off the women's breasts, diving into the fire, being spit back out, diving in again. And then her face went slack. Her nose melted and her mouth ran through with her teeth. Her eyes became long, and drooped and sagged until they too, washed away, sucked into the void of flames behind her. She was a faceless creature, her blank side turned my way as she began her dance again, trying to coax me into it. My laughter turned to sobs and I sank my teeth into her neck, tasting fresh blood. She fell from my arms and I rose triumphantly above them, the blood — mine or hers? — running down my neck. A light surrounded my head, and he

Because, he said, in answer to his own question, I will show you truth began



kid with a truck and no facial hair. He has clear ers with cows on them. His sandy hair is long, around with too much energy on his hands. that only truth can write. Only blood and sex cannot write them without blurring them into lives the truth. I told him that no one lives the then I killed him. My mind bludgeoned him ing philosophies and pure rage. I tore him to an answer to his question, a question which my mind. I threw myself at him again, hop-ny fire, incite my thirst. But he stood still. I aginable. I had eight hands that held eight dif-all at once, a kind of solitary attack on Julius brighter he shone, twisting, changing into a whole among shreds, standing pure within opened his mouth and asked me simply. Why? The blood screamed down my face. A stake gleaming fangs turning the frightful scream

by my husband. I was just as kind that when he came to my chamber
by my side, he came off his tiny hide and leaves it on the ground, and
I was just as kind that when he came to my chamber
by my side, he came off his tiny hide and leaves it on the ground, and

against my brain. The flicker that a bonfire I saw naked women dancing around them, gy-or had not noticed. I grabbed the nearest arms, her hips grinding against mine, encour-aging me to move as well. Then she turned around, her face convulsing to the rhythm until it formed a paralysing, panicked scream. She did not let out a sound, but her scream echoed, bouncing off the women's breasts, diving into the fire, being spit back out, diving in again. And then her face went slack. Her nose melted and her mouth ran through with her teeth. Her eyes became long, and drooped and sagged until they too, washed away, sucked into the void of flames behind her. She was a faceless creature, her blank side turned my way as she began her dance again, trying to coax me into it. My laughter turned to sobs and I sank my teeth into her neck, tasting fresh blood. She fell from my arms and I rose triumphantly above them, the blood — mine or hers? — running down my neck. A light surrounded my head, and he

EDITOR'S NOTE - This is part of a serial entitled "Sherds". Look for future instalments in upcoming Innis Herald issues and try to determine the link between these short stories. Good Luck!

Prologue

by Kristjan Akronson

The two men sat back after the meal. One, the better dressed of the two, took out a pipe and carefully filled it with tobacco. A servant quietly appeared and removed the plates. The other man took a sip of his wine.

"A fine meal," the one said.

"Hm," answered the other as he fumbled for his matches. Finding them, he plucked one from the case and struck it. With long deep draughts, he lit the pipe. "Yes, a very fine meal," he continued, puffing away gently. The two sat there, silent and content.

Dipping once again into his wine, the scruffier of the two spoke. "This last fortnight's been rather uneventful, I must say. Just the dreary business of life."

Smoke lazily hanging about him, the other answered. "As for myself, I encountered a peculiar tale."

"Do tell," the scruffy gentleman urged, intrigued.

"Well, it's a story of an artist. A painter, in fact. It seems that for quite some time he was in rather awkward circumstances, living in a friend's flat, himself with no income to speak of."

"Yes, a common circumstance," added the other.

"Now this painter had once been quite prolific and sold many of his works. But he had of late found himself frustrated and unable to produce. He would spend hours in the heady atmosphere of the oils working upon his canvas. As soon as a figure or scene began to emerge, he would drown it again, leaving only a muddy confused scene. Always the same form would begin to take shape before being lost again."

The one puffed away at his pipe before continuing.

"This state of affairs persisted for many months before he was able to tease the work into being. Pleased with his efforts, the painter could only speak of his latest work and its simple magnificence. So strong was his praise that all who heard it could hardly wait to see the thing. And yet he refused this privilege to all."

"Peculiar," said the other, draining his cup. The servant appeared and filled it, all very discreetly.

"From this point on, the tale becomes muddled, but it appears the artist purchased a bale of hay which neighbours saw him struggle to the flat with. He seems to have spread the hay throughout his studio and doused it freely with gasoline, his mysterious work still there."

The other, quite involved in the tale, did not take a drink.

"The whole place burned, the painter along with it."

"Enigmatic," the scruffy one concluded.

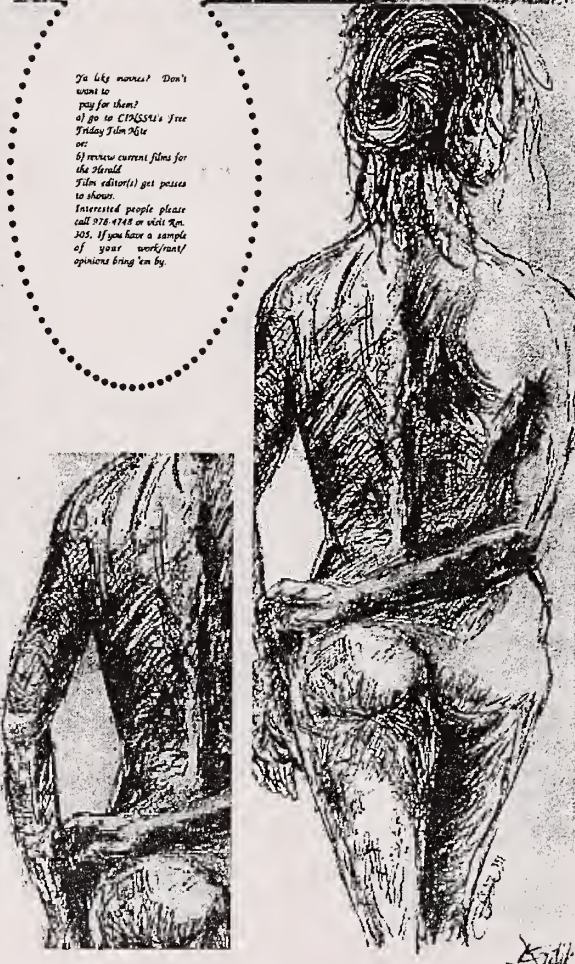
"Very. And only more so because I found myself dining with the gentleman in question across from his flat while the blaze engulfed it. I was seated away from it and so did not perceive the fire. I remember the meal well, omelettes. The painter seemed finally to be in good spirits — and he covered the check."

Both men sat back in silence, drinking and smoking lazily.

"Yes, quite a peculiar tale," added the other, taking out a cigar and setting aside the wine.



*Do like movies? Don't want to pay for them?
a) go to CPUSA's Free Friday Film Night
or:
b) review current films for the Herald.
Film editor(s) get passes to show.
Interested people please call 978-4748 or visit Rm. 205. If you have a sample of your work/nast/ opinions bring 'em by.*



Interested persons—welcome to Herakdom.

General meeting Thurs. Sept. 14th, 1995 @ 4 pm. Innis College, Main Foyer (the Pit). You are cordially invited to attend. Bring munchies and we'll love you forever.

Borphan



Yellow Honey Moon

Oil, original mouthpainted by G. Kumar

disorientation

By Borphan

Awakening inside a cramped sleeping bunk I tried to remember where I was. Most of my mornings start with confusion, for as long as I can recall, most of my waking moments are spent trying to remember just where I am. This form of disorientation is something that I have gotten used to over the years. But this waking moment was a little different. At first I was confused as to why my surroundings were shaking. In addition to this I didn't know why there was a clanking sound permeating the background. Snapping into full consciousness it hit me that I was on a train, a train that was bound for Chiang Mai province in the northwest of Thailand.

Pulling myself out of my bunk, I took a window seat. Being a person who has spent most of my life in a city, I was mildly shocked to be in the country. I was completely surrounded, no, make that besieged by field upon field of growing, sprouting life.

And for some reason what I saw reminded me that I was bound for a funeral. I was to officiate at the funeral of my paternal grandfather's brother. I wasn't just meant to take part in the activities, I was to conduct them. This had frightened me a great deal, since before this funeral, I had never been to one—especially not a Thai funeral. I was afraid, being ignorant of the forms, that I would insult someone. In my mind I had visions of bloodthirsty mourners attacking me with bales of incense and sharpened candlesticks.

To tell the truth, the recently deceased was not someone I knew well. Most of my memories of him were confined to my childhood, and these memories were vague at best. I did like him, though; that is perhaps why I accepted my role. And perhaps because I did not want to offend my father, who knew full well that I was the only member of the clan who was in Thailand. It looks pretty bad being Thai when a person who isn't directly related to you conducts the ceremonies.

Being in Canada, I would sometimes forget the social and cultural forms which have to be adhered to in Thailand. There are just things you didn't do in public. For example it is considered distasteful for someone to whistle in public, or in the company of one's militaristic eighty-year-old grandmother. There are codes of conduct to be adhered to. I recently came under fire for slapping one of my uncles on the shoulder as a greeting.

This may seem a little strange and ridiculously anal to the foreign onlooker, but to the Thai it is a way of life. I will of course not get into what the average Thai feels is distasteful about the average North American, and vice versa. I discovered early in life that it pays to adhere to the social customs of any country you happen to be in. If you're in someone else's home, respect the nature of their home.

Perhaps being the culmination of both cultures I have a rather unique perspective. I can see both sides. In addition to this I can empathize with the needs of both cultures.

I find though that no matter where you go, that you do experience a modicum of disorientation. This feeling of disorientation can compel a person to become ignorant and fearful of the source of the disorientation, or it can compel us to grow—personal growth which is born out of the need to understand why we are disoriented. It is of course important to keep in mind that confusion is only natural... it is only human to be at a loss when confronting something you have never seen or have absolutely no understanding of.

In Thailand there have been occasions while at a café or a bus when I would notice a foreigner who was a little lost or confused, incredibly disoriented with their surroundings. Strangely enough they often do not communicate their distress. When at a loss it is often natural to be afraid to ask for assistance.

Going back to the funeral though, I was completely ignorant of the forms, customs, and even the attire which I had to wear. The closer I got to Chiang Mai the more afraid I became. Fear was something I had to get over before I could proceed with my task.

And when I got over my fear I asked an uncle as to how to conduct the ceremonies. When I did ask him he was mildly surprised, but was pleased to teach me. And with the knowledge which he had imparted upon me, I proceeded with the task at hand.

On this occasion I discovered again that overcoming my disorientation, ignorance, and fear involved a little bit of empathy, and courage.

Borphan

It's rather difficult returning to your 'home town' when you haven't been there for at least five years. This is what I learned when my plane touched down at Bangkok International Airport.

At the terminal my relatives were more than gracious when they greeted me. Even though the event was full of nothing but smiles, I couldn't help but feel an undercurrent of nervous expectations. I knew of what they were all thinking when they first saw me. They were wondering if I had changed, if I had become a 'foreigner' or if I had lost my cultural roots. They were wondering if I had become completely westernized.

Personally, I try not to think in terms of colour, nationality, or ethnic background. Although I must admit that there have been times during my life when I had tried to be totally Asian, totally Thai. At these times, I would shun my Canadian friends in favour for my oriental friends, believing that being Asian meant having only Asian qualities. I tried to be oriental enough. I remember a time when I even went as far as running with a Chinatown gang to try to prove to myself that I was Asian enough. I must admit that growing up in Canada was at times too hard for me to deal with.

Only through personal defeats as well as living through mistakes too numerous and too embarrassing to mention did I learn to stop fighting myself. I learned that I didn't have to sell out to other people and their expectations of me. I discovered that I didn't have to be totally Asian or totally North American. It dawned upon me that the only person I had to impress was myself. And in all this I also discovered that lying to myself about who I really am could possibly be the greatest injustice that I could ever inflict upon myself.

I do not have roots in only one place or people, I am neither Thai nor Canadian; I am who I am. I am all the people I have ever loved as well as all those I have hated. I am the things and places that I have touched, seen, and been to. I am the culmination of twenty years worth of living, all of which also includes my experiences, fears, expectations, desires, and dreams.

Although those I love here in Thailand do not at times understand this, my patience in trying to show them who I am and what I have become is endless. I am after all still Borphan.

I want to show them that even though I have changed, that at the core I am still the same person. The same person who left Thailand with his parents, at the age of four to embark upon a wonderful adventure, that I am the same little boy who at twelve trumpeted loudly that his Majesty's Royal Army should take over neighbouring Burma, Laos, and Cambodia. I want them to see the same little boy who came back at the age of fifteen to fulfill the family pledge of taking up the saffron robes as a novice monk.

And at twenty I want to assuage their fears that I have lost my traditional roots. I want them to know that my western background is wholly compatible with my eastern background. I want my stalwartly traditional eighty-year-old grandmother to know that my blood still runs red with Thai honour, that even though I may reside thousands of kilometers away that I still honour the Sangka (Buddhism's monastic clergy), the Royal Army, the Monarchy, the People, as well as the family I have loved all of my life. I want her to also know that even though I revere my ancient heritage, that I also hold the same devotion and adoration to my adopted home. I want those I love to see that there are not as many differences between their world and my world as they had initially thought there to be.

Mostly I would like them to know that I am the product of their love, that I am what they would have me be, that I am what they have always wanted me to be, and that is true to myself.

This is a work in progress. Don't be scared. It doesn't bite.

hy RM.

I'm not going to sugar coat this from the beginning-it's another existential media-bash warbling of minds. It might interest you.

UNFINISHED SENTENCES WILL BE

It, in the meantime, is staring at me. The glut. The paper in the corner. The room I have stood in cleaning it up in a constant binging battle for blank floor. Paper in, paper out. I'm not standing cornered in by the mess (like a painter who's painted themselves into the corner) like a animal although I gotta admit it would be a neat scene.

"Bill Berry is fine His brain is ok."

RAMBING

BALK NEXT WEEK

There is just too much to read, too much to listen to, too much to deal with. Too as the word of the nineteenth-nights. Isn't it the ultimate reflection of post-modernist times? Too little to be happy about. Happiness is not a commodity and I, a cynical freak pretty either on the inside or outside (I dunno yet), find happiness and do enjoy buying the proverbial six-pack to join a friend to watch the Simpsons.

The Annex needs another paper like we all want another hole in the head. (apologies to Cracker). A unauthorized, definitely unbridled list would include The Annex, Gleaner, The Annex Echo, The Core (not to be confused with the much-better "Core" for Alberta). Did I mention you'll be able to pick up Enrage, and any of the hundreds of other little papers in The Beaches alone. Does no-one think there are any other people out their making papers? Does everyone think they're on the only ones who have ever been done before? The first lesson of postmodernism is that everything is a smorgasbord of thoughts. Well, when does the information overload set in?

FREE PRIZE IN EVERY

Yeah yeah The Innis Herald is contributing to the glut. Glad to hear you're towing the party line. A buck of your money goes to us, so assimilate and join us for an orgy of words, pictures, ideas and garbage (as in 'part lies, truth, heart, garbage'-R.E.M.'s tourshunt)

The icons or "legends" of semiotic thought and "intellectual" discourse are as numerous. They're the proverbial books on a metaphysical bookshelf. You discover them around 16 or so. Burroughs Chomsky McLuhan Greil Marcus. Just think if they banned guitars from teenage boys and all Sylvia Plath from all teenage girls.

I am blessed by fortune to have many of the things I want and need in life. My talents are minimal at best. But blessed with a bullshit detector a mile wide, my resolve to you, readers, is that I cut the excess poetic angst crap. That's right, get your kicks before the shit house falls down. Change the world and party. Fuck the status line if you need something to fuck.

I could rant about how I hate the world become-fast, material. I hate materialism (usual existential Party line). Could, shrmoed. But I will fall back on the predictable mantra, the saving grace of music. Indulging in the navel gazing that made the pedantic labelers call us "gen 13 X fuck". As so to indulge the reader, you can slap me when you need to.

So we flitter around our views like butterflies scouring the garbage. I don't like change but I crave it like a drug in my veins. I don't want to change my views because it's the ability to like, dislike, discern just what the fuck's happening-is getting sent to the Dead Letter Office in the shuffle. I believe in art-or at least that's what I convince myself as proof-positive we're not on the way to Hell. It ain't religion but just as delusional perhaps. I believe in music. Art can remind us that humanity isn't completely fucked up. Originality exists as long as there are new generations who find out about the past, the present, and the future.

Counterpointal

I'm beginning to thing I'm lying

All the ideas are used up. There is not "original". We are all unique entities, yet I can't get over the sneaking suspicion that there's a stunt double out there with my name on it. Doppelganger! Root square! Slogginis! Ideas for Herald articles!

The prophets of our times-the masters of genius-the Shakespeares, Kahil Gibralins have all blessed us with their work. We must bless them with our absence.

You know you're truly desperate when (as an ex-ex-U2 fan) you start quoting Bono. But he said it best: insert obligatory inspirational quote every artist is a every poet is a their

All kill their inspiration and sing about their grief

I am contributing to the Glut. Go ahead-"I accuse". And I cannot stop contributing to the Glut, like all of us with our words (well-meaning or otherwise) or our drivels. The drivels of everyday lives. Riding the subway you can feel tension. Luckily in Canada we hardly ever use "seeing" except for those nasty humid days

Rolled out in a "po-mo" canvas of hate, exaggeration and fear. I won't use the generational drivels excuse or whatever. I can't attack, because frankly I'm tired of attacking, attacking, attacking. Fighting. I do not between the fact of self-expression. I think it's all fucking great. I don't think it's all related to teen angst (which, thankfully, only censors up the sound of the Cracker song) or can be reduced to an anti-Corporate State sentiment. I think the do it yourself ethic has been one of the most important concepts-it ranks up with the theory of the unconscious, personal identity (existentialist's debate about the Self, the Other) and the impact of the industrial revolution. We cannot compete in the consumer revolution, so we compete in the thought one instead. But aren't we doing what the information-namely, overloading? Who's to say that the human brain isn't a computer, that it won't short-circuit? Our biggest fear-that we die alone without living "that we live as we die, alone". No, our fear is that we open our mouths and either a) nothing comes out (nothing to say) b) what we say has been said before (nothing is original) or c)-the real one-that we will never be heard, have our 15 minutes in the sun, or find out who our Maker is, or what we're here for. That we will never be heard, because there is no-one (up there, anywhere) to hear us.

Let alone the glut of shiny. New Yorker, New Republic, SPIN, RS, Details, GQ, men's mags, woman's mags, Book City, Pages etc. etc. et al infinitum. Let alone the radio, the discourse going on somewhere. Left and Right and back again.

Slogans in the margins, tripe bi-lines that reveal nothing (your ad for the Herald goes here!) Fuck irony. Fuck all.

Dear god where does it end? "My pain is self chosen, 'cause every generation's got it's own disease and I've got mine". What will it be? Will probabilities. In space no-one can hear you scream. In

The albums of past years that I want to buy when I can find them in used record stores. The songs I hear off albums that I hear on the radio today which I now must write a list of to keep track of them all (monosyllabic names or not). The books I scour for in used books stores, the books (inevitably the \$30 hardcovers that don't fit in my paperback until god knows when) that I salivate at in big stores. The counties I want to visit, the people I like to help through volunteering my services. Faces I entertain as I suction off my personality past the parades of characters. They audition them for a part as a friend in this fucked up fuckup life. I wave good by as they refuse to compromise with me, and as I talk to them like there's a "see you later". I must realize it's me living under the delusion. The planet I'd like to leave a little @!\$%&* than it is. Stuff like that.

Executioner's list

Billie Joe

excuse me, I'm having a little trouble reconciling my soul with life. Can you direct me to Pisscadilly circus?

What's your problem? Don't want to have disseminated information? Want to live where information is regulated, where you don't have the liberties you are unaware of? This letterer bodder that I have been exposed. It's more like stop the world I want to get off before I hit the windshield. I shall either find a way or make one. When I was playing with my Barbies at 7, I didn't think that now I'd be doing it without any partner in crime.

What is this world of mine? The same patch of grass that grew in my backyard? Nope, not the same world anymore. What is our aim at the Herald here? To what? To put out a paper or hopefully reflect the ideas of people that doesn't write? Does anybody read?

am I to live out the promise "I am a cliché"?

How many nights of dancing along to "Fuck you I won't do what you tell me"? How many sweating nights where "Push" his the air. Sitting in P.E.I. when I first heard the song. Too bad it wasn't true: Eddie Vedder had gone blasto and died his hair red. My pain is self chosen, 'cause every generation's got it's own disease and I've got mine". What will it be? Will probabilities. In space no-one can hear you scream. In hell only the others

See page 14

Shelly Berger: A Jazzy Contemporary

Shelly Berger interviewed by Linda Galvin

Shelly Berger is a man that deeply enriches the lives of those people who listen to his music ... an artist who expresses life's turmoil through a highly original mix of musical inspirations ... and a human being who cares enough to share his experiences and his talent through his exceptional ability to blend Traditional Jazz with his own personal sense of style. In late August, I had the opportunity to interview this inspiring individual. I hope that you, the reader, has the opportunity to either see him perform live or to listen to his CD entitled .

Q. How long has your group been together?
A. Two and a half years its been.

Q. How did you all get together?
A. There was some music that I had written and I wanted to hear. There were a number of people I wanted to play it, and I almost got them all on the first shot ... everybody but Barry on drums and, then, eventually he worked into the band. ... Basically the original band (is still together), the synthesizer is different now though.

Q. What sort of background do each of you have?
A. Everybody has a jazz ... a rock ... and some of us have a classical background. All of us have made a living by playing all different styles of music. I lived in Los Angeles for nine years playing jazz and pop.

Q. How would you describe your music?
A. Colours and space. There's a label that comes out of Germany which is called ECM (that produces artist's material with a similar style).. Pat Metheny is with ECM, the group Oregon was, but is no longer with that label anymore and Ralph Towner. It's kind of classically based jazz. It's a combination of everything ... folk influences too.

Q. People describe your music as Worldbeat Jazz. How do you feel about that?
A. I'm calling it contemporary jazz because it fits into different categories. It's very hard to market it because people will only listen to Traditional Jazz.



Q. What sort of problems have you and/or your group encountered in relation to devout followers of traditional jazz?
A. I did one song after the CD release party at the Montreal Bistro ... a song that hasn't been recorded, but the band really likes it, although it is too non-traditional.. Two people came up to me and told me they were glad we were only going to play it that one time.

Q. What is the technical difference between Worldbeat Jazz and what you call yours, Contemporary Jazz?
A. I'm not sure what labels they are, but I imagine that Worldbeat is based more on the instruments. There's not really that much "world". The instrumentation (in our band) is your basic jazz setup. The instruments they use are probably more folk. For example,

taking instruments from India like the sitar, the tabla, and different types of flutes that they would use there ... which is kind of what I'm going to be doing on the next recording with a combination of Modern Jazz. Actually, it will be more jazzy and more Worldbeat and less rock.

Q. More commercial?
A. I never go at it like that. As a matter of fact, if I did a recording with just straight standards I would get more airplay. It's actually less commercial than Traditional Jazz. The pressure is always on from radio announcers for me to put a standard on my recordings ... 'Put a song on that everybody knows'. In other words what they're saying is 'Can you be more commercial'. ...

It's like asking an artist can you put more blue in that painting.

...
If I wanted to be more commercial I would put more swing music. I know it would go over better.

Q. With Traditional Jazz you would be more widely accepted?
A. It's more recognizable and familiar. It's been going on for over fifty years.

Q. How do you foresee the future of the group?
A. I want to record some more. I enjoy the writing and recording the most, rather than the live playing, and mostly the creative stuff between myself and the band. I'd like to tour some small towns ... wherever.

Q. What places have you played before?
A. We've done the Science Centre for CJTR, the CD release party ... and three nights at the Montreal Bistro. There's not really alot of clubs that play jazz. And I won't just play anywhere. It has to have good sound, a grand piano. I'd rather not play on an electronic one. I'm looking forward to doing concerts. The thing about playing in a club that is so good is, if you play six nights in a row ... it really starts to come together more because you get used to the room but there's just not that many places to play in Toronto. What you really have to do is go to different cities and do that.

Q. Were you in the jazz festival?
A. No. I was sort of disappointed that I didn't get in.

Q. What is the best place in which your present group has played?
A. Montreal Bistro. It's not really the room as much as it is what your playing. Playing in this band is my favourite thing to do because it's the closest thing to what I want to do. And alot of times your a sideman where you're playing other people's music. You can enjoy the music, but it's not really you.

Q. What upcoming plans do you have in the next month or so?
A. Making arrangements to start recording in October. There is a possibility we will be doing the Montreal Senator.

continued from pg 13

care. Hell is for others? "Hell is myself".

What I want to know is, where does the Gut, the supermarket of cosmic shit, the pearls we're exposed to or luckily find, the swirl of all of this information drain into the drain in the Bates Motel? into a black hole of our dreams where we never wake up? into a new day without the benefit of the Apocalypse. I'm lucky. I learnt about bibliographies really early. Unfortunately I'm unlucky. No-one taught me the shit I was supposed to know-like how to live.

Part of the little girl who didn't like gross stuff, who now swears like a swear gutter, is still alive somewhere in me

I don't know why they bother teaching us about referencing. It's the one thing this generation has a natural born talent.

When you think of all the notebooks scribbled with death poetry
when you think of hand written 'zines
when you think of the people starting bands,
strangling nuke to read stones at shitty clubs
tagging graffiti and creating artistic masterpieces
in their rooms mounted on their walls
even aesthetically inventive with something as simple as hanging posters
when you think of campus newspapers (7 at U of T)
when you think of organizations at the world
when you think it takes a staff of 40 to make The Late Show what it is
when you think that any of these thousands of people met others with the same views but then "that's not the point of D.L.Y."

When you think of a world of 6 billion it doesn't make sense that any of us are lost

the innis herald september 1995

ZOOM/Be In your Head. Björk, from Ork. NIN.

I believe the Angel of the Apocalypse is Dolores. She is at the gates of Hades. I'm trying to figure out who's the representative figure of the guy who sails the boat to Hades. No-it's Beth the chick, from Portsmouth.

I believe in the future of Outlaw Neon. They put up neon in places around Toronto, take pictures of it and then take it down. It's beauty for a moment, and since we're out of time (due to the apocalypse coming and all) beauty can only last a second. Otherwise it wouldn't be the drug that we search after.

Past issues of the Herald within the past 5 years or so have focused on The Grateful Dead, talented innis writers and issues as far ranging as your "liberal left-wing artist" rags get. Yet time and time again, the same people who are involved. The same people show up. What do people get out of writing for a newspaper? Freud's concept of psychic energy, that which everyone focuses (Freudianhabdites don't kill me for the inaccuracies)

I myself believe the 'Net is just (acking brilliant-one of my dreams home true—a library of information (music). A newbie who'll always be a chick isn't the best authority on these things, but I'm a freak when it comes to knowledge. The idea of being in a invisible but accessible library ten times the size of Oxford—let alone the possibility of communicating with people—is truly cool! Don't worry I'm not afraid that we'll become isolated. I believe that already happened when we bumped into a little thing call the Industrial (De)Revolution (a funny little thing happened on the way to progress- we regressed).

So the Herald will go on line (save the trees another fav Party line), will try and keep up with the times and will continue to explore creativity in a paper outlet.

This will be printed in a full version when space & sanity permit - this, and the paper will improve

LIBRARY CARDS, E-MAIL ACCOUNTS, & INTERNET ACCESS



INFORMATION COMMONS

This fall, your library card entitles you to:

- Library privileges
- An electronic mail account
- Internet access from home

WHO

All University of Toronto students, staff, and faculty

HOW

First, get your library card. Later, bring your library card to any library to get your e-mail account and Internet access. Watch for announcements in the Library

COST

Your library card and e-mail account are free.

Your Internet access startup kit, providing PPP software, will cost \$3.00

Dial-up connections via PACNET are free. This access provided a limited, text-only connection at modem speeds of 9,600 bps and below.

Dial-up connections via UTORdial cost \$0.55 - \$0.65 per hour. This access provides a full and graphical connection at modem speeds of up to 28,800 bps.

Full details of the service are available at the Information Commons and any University of Toronto library.

How to Get Your Library Card



NEW STUDENTS

If you have a paper student card, get your library card at the Sigmund Samuel Library or Roberts Library.

If you have a photo ID, first get a blue '95 - '96 registration sticker from your faculty for the back of your photo ID card. Next, go to any campus library and get a library barcode for the back of your photo ID card.

RETURNING STUDENTS

If you have no changes to report, your library card will be updated automatically.

If you have changed your name or student status, update your information at the Sigmund Samuel Library or Roberts Library.

STAFF AND FACULTY

All staff and faculty will be issued library cards this fall. If you don't already have one, your library card will be mailed to your workplace.

Waterworld

Directed by Kevin Costner
Kevin Costner

First, I thought this was another sequel to *National Lampoon's Vacation*, where they visit "Wally World". Then, instead of "Road Warrior", it's *Waterworld*. However, J.G. Ballard did alot of good this way, exploring one element per novel. This review may be a little late but at least I saw the official release. The Russians got a bootleg version before the film was ever released in the U.S.A., only it was so new it even had editing instructions printed over incomprehensible montages.

After all, I liked this film. SF should get large budgets. Heaven knows NASA doesn't. The only trouble is the budget allegedly went as much toward Costner's hotel suite as the film. Luckily, you can't tell this from the footage which has that big budget authenticity. With a budget that big, you can get the best hotels and still have cash left over to encode visuals into your celluloid. Costner must be still attached to his baseball role from *Field of Dreams*, since he seems to be inspired by the spirit of millionaires going on strike.

Costner works on *nastying* up his nice guy image a bit here, actually portraying himself as a pimp. Of course, he changes his mind in time, before the act is done, and redeems himself by murdering the John. In Hollywood, this is what passes for redemption. If it pays lip service to integrity, then it can be fobbed off as the actual item, call it the stylistic version of pseudo-integrity.

In the end, water is almost the medium for science fiction tht outer space is. It isn't as big, but we certainly haven't explored it as much as we could. You could say that it's the beginning of sf, way back with Jason and such adventures. From Jules Verne to *Waterworld*, and every *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and *seaQuest DSV* in between, the possibilities are tantalizing.

by David Zakss

The Net

Directed by ?????
Sandra Bullock

This is cyberpunk brought even closer than twenty minutes into the future. Latching onto a mysterious icon used by a terrorist organization in innocent transmissions turns the protagonist's life into one long paranoid chase. This did not have quite the budget of *Waterworld*, but it still had its allotment of American millions to play around with. You would not be able to tell this from the advertising which seemed to suggest that the whole thing was made for two or three cents.

The protagonist is a whiz-kid systems analyst. When she fights back it is usually with her computer, or whoever's computer is handy, as we see when she uses some handy demonstration models at a techno fair. This film updates the ever insipid chase genre into an instruction documentary on the wonderful things that can be done or will soon be possible with silicon chips. You too can make money off your own home system and you too can then be targeted by terrorist radicals that feel threatened by your E-mail. It is not that much different from the office and having to face the other guy up for the management job, only the trappings have transformed.

Perhaps this is a little more relevant than Sandra Bullock's last big film, *Speed*. I know if I have to choose between explosives or high tech as being a portrait of the contemporary world, the mouse potatoes probably win over. I'll just pretend I did not see Oklahoma City, or today's blast in Paris. I'll just never know why, when it comes to the space program the response is, "Why aren't we feeding the starving in Ethiopia?" When it comes to PC's it is, "I want the newest gadget and I want it yesterday!" This rethinking of Orwell's 1984 could be the antidote to the aforementioned kind of discrepancy.

by David Zakss

Apollo 13

Directed by Ron Howard
Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, Bill Pullman, Ed Harris

I will always remember the first manned moon landing although I was barely past the crawling stage. Something about the transmissions on the TV in the living room were riveting, not only momentarily, but enough to stay mulling in the mind. Every good boy had the lunar module diagrams on his wall from *National Geographic*, and those really on the ball had the actual scale models. However the Apollo 13 debacle is another matter. Little were they to know that the moon would return to its distance from mankind, as we prefer relying on the shuttle to narcissistically clock our planet in a dense web of communications satellites. Pretty soon nobody will be able to leave orbit because there will be too many Sputniks in the way.

This?? is a return to the good old days when humanity was further advanced. Back then when the MC5 said we should "kick out the jams," they meant kick them very far away. We did and they truly were "jams". See the *jam* of systems failure and an explosion that blew away half your spacecraft. See the *jam* of no service station nearby, no speedy tow truck drivers vying for your business, no CAA a call away.

The struggle of the brave and irritable astronauts to survive is pretty gripping. I did not find it redundant in terms of story tension because I never noticed what happened to Apollo 13, even though I was interested in the space program. The only narrative difficulties are having to compete with *Star Trek* available three times a day. Compared to *Star Trek*, this film is down-and-out *cinéma verité* which sophists prefer.

by David Zakss

the innis herald: march/april 1995.

LEE'S PALACE

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e-mail lees_palace@magic.ca

Web Site <http://www.magic.ca/magicmedia/lees.html>

LISTINGS AS OF TUE. SEPT. 5, 1995

Tue. 5 - BOYWONDER with MERSEY and PAYTON
Wed. 6 - *Frenzied Wednesdays* featuring HANGIN' TREE with DITHER, THE SINISTERS, YELLOW LABEL and KICKSTAND TRAVOLTA (No Cover!)

We will be serving alcohol until 2a.m. September 7 to 16, for THE FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS.

Thu. 7 - FALL DOWN GO BOOM (cassette release) with guests BOATMAN
Fri. 8 - *cfnv* presents **CHANGE OF HEART** with guests THE SMALLS and PRETTY GREEN (tickets \$6 at the door)
Sat. 9 - *Afternoon ALL AGES show* with **CHANGE OF HEART** with MADE and GRASSHOPPER (doors open at 2p.m., show starts at 3:30, tickets at the door only)
- *At Night* **THE MAHONES** with **URSULA** and **CATCH VERONICA** (doors open at 8p.m., tickets \$10 at the door, 19+)
Sun. 10 - **HIP-HOP Sundays**, LIVE AT THE BBQ with D.J. X, Mastermind, DRK, Stray Dogs and Baby Blue (free BBQed chicken while it lasts) tickets \$10 at the door, doors open at 8p.m., all ages admission

Mon. 11 - private party
Tue. 12 - JARGON and BILLINGSGATE
Wed. 13 - MCA Concerts presents **TRIPPING DAISY** with EVE'S PLUM (tickets \$10 in advance)
Thu. 14 - C.P.I. presents **DIE CHEERLEADER** and **ECONOLINE CRUSH** (tickets \$8 in advance)
Fri. & Sat. Sept. 15 & 16 - **THE BOURBON TABERNACLE CHOIR** (tickets \$10 at the door)
Sun. 17 - **HIP-HOP Sundays** featuring t.b.a tickets \$10 at the door (no cover before 9p.m.), doors open at 8p.m., all ages admission

Lee's 10th Anniversary Week!!!!

Mon. 18 - WHIRLD (C.D. Release Party)
Tue. 19 - MCA Concerts presents **SOUL COUGHING** with guests LOW (tickets \$10 in advance)
Wed. 20 - 10th Anniversary private party for club regulars, ex-staff and the music industry!
Thu. 21 - REMG & MCA Concerts presents **GURU'S JAZZMATAZZ** (\$19.50 in adv.)
Fri. 22 - t.b.a
Sat. 23 - The Annual Food Bank Benefit featuring 25 of Toronto's best acts doing 3 cover tunes each. Admission is a package of non-perishable food. Doors open at 7p.m.

ADVANCE TICKETS INFO:

- For almost all MCA Concerts and C.P.I. shows advance tickets are available at Ticketmaster (phone 870-8000), Rotate This (504-8447) and Revolution (905-884-7271)
- Tickets are rarely on sale at Lee's. If tickets are to be sold at the club specific note will be made of it.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



Your band, club, bar, group, loose knlt group of hoodlums could be here. We continue to strive for absolute promotion of local clubs and bands. "Come. We do P.R. We do it good."



THE DANCE CAVE

(429 Bloor St. W., Upstairs at Lee's Palace 416.532.7322)

EXCLUSIVELY ALTERNATIVE

Manic Mondays
featuring D.J. Shannon
spinning the best of the early 80's
* no cover *

Tuesdays
featuring D.J. Morgan
* no cover *

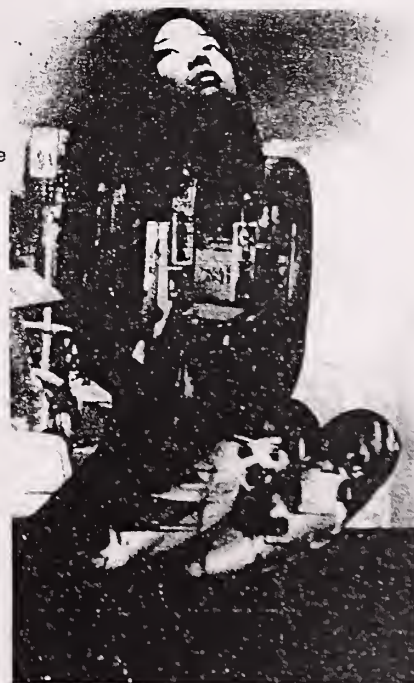
Wednesdays
featuring D.J. Dwhite
* no cover *

Thursdays
D.J. Steve Scott
* no cover *

Fridays
D.J. Steve Scott
* no cover before 10, \$4 after 10 *

Saturdays
D.J. Mr. Pete
* no cover before 10, \$4 after 10 *

Sundays
Ice Cream Sundays, D.J. Jarkko
* cover \$3 *



Music



Cyndi Lauper
Twelve Deadly Cyns
(Epic)

I hate to admit it, but like William Shatner is Captain Kirk, Cyndi Lauper will, for me at least, always remain the girl who just wants to have fun. While there are at least six distinct periods of Lauper's work represented on this retrospective collection, I have only ever heard of five of the 14 songs — the five that appear on *She's So Unusual*, her first LP. "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" is just as cool a song as it was in 1982, but the rest really have no appeal in 1995: no doubt "She Bop", however, would have been a much bigger hit with my 11-year-old-boy self back then, had I known that it was about female masturbation!

The real lesson for Lauper, judging from a straight-through listening of this CD, is to stick to the upbeat and goofy, and avoid the attempts at "serious" dentist-office music. Given that the second-last song is an updated and well-done remake of "Girls...", she seems to concur.

Gerry Garcia's Dirty Needle

311
(Capricorn/Columbia)

Is this the new thing? Easy-listening, white-boy metal-laced hip-hop? Maybe. Even if it's not, it's an approach that saves this disc from complete mediocrity. It's still not great — the lyrics are pretty cheesed (friendly advice: you don't need to put the "yo's" on the lyric sheet) and the riffs and beats aren't tremendously original either. However, the smoothness of the vocals and the harmonies show more mainstream soul influences, especially on "All Mixed Up", and the willingness to borrow from reggae is refreshing. Basically, I was ready to hate this, but it's o.k. It goes by painlessly anyway. And you have to admire the kind of social awareness that lends them to declare: "Guns are for pussies".

Kevin Thirds

Blow Seeds
BOBO
(Birthmark Records)

A drummer friend of mine says the biggest problem with T.O. bands is genericism, and I think he's right (though the problem is by no means solely local). The Blow Seeds are a good example of that problem.

Their style of genericism is indie rockin', with just enough low-fi about it to hint that they're using low-fi credibility to avoid putting dough into their

project. I have no problem with low-budget stuff — I've recorded enough of it myself — but to attempt to hide it by being low-fi "cool" is tacky.

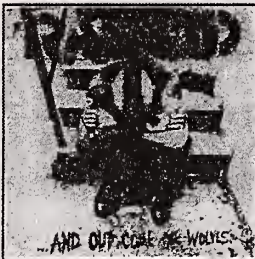
That aside, their album is neither bad, nor good: it's basically background music. You put it on, knowing that it's not gonna surprise or distract you. It doesn't disappoint you, because it's a crew of competent musicians playing, and singing fairly competent songs that sound like others you've heard before (although you can't remember which ones at the moment). But, that doesn't matter — it's only background music.

Kevin Thirds

Under God
Überrnensch demo

Speaking of low-fi, this sucker definitely is. However, unlike the Blow Seeds, its low-fi quality enhances its appeal. These guys play raw punk, industrial-flavoured tunes. Drum machines and metal-fuzz guitars are coupled with ominous vocals; there's enough sloppiness to make it cuddly in a gloomy sort of way, i.e., Soulstorm recording for K Records.

Lyrics are the downside of this al-



Rancid
...And Out Come the Wolves
(Epitaph/Cargo)

In June of 1981, Washington, DC hardcore band Minor Threat released their classic self-titled 7". In three ways, this release was a definitive event for American hardcore. First, it was the third release on Dischord Records, a label formed by Minor Threat singer Ian MacKaye and drummer Jeff Nelson to support the local punk scene. While Dischord's musical scope has broadened considerably since, it remains fiercely independent and free of corporate-rock ties, even while Dischord bands such as MacKaye's Fugazi sell hundreds of thousands of each new LP.

Second, the EP featured a song called "Straight Edge". This song served to provide a name for the burgeoning anti-alcohol/drug sentiment that had taken over DC punk and was soon to spread all over the world. For a scene sick of tired old Sid-Vicious stereotypes and cheeseball drunk-punk characters, straightedge was an idea that's time had come, and the philosophy remains a strong force in hardcore today.

Third, the accelerated tempo, raw guitar power and gravelly vocals that made up Minor Threat's sound have defined early-'80s American hardcore possibly more than any other band and they were never in finer or more pow-

Noami

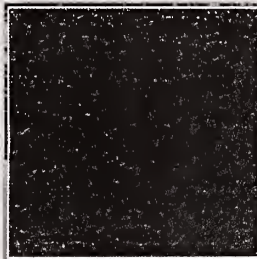
Hi there. This is the page of record reviews pandering to companies that put out really crappy music — you'd be ill-advised to buy anything you find below. Unfortunately, I learned that there wasn't enough space for a Toronto scene report in addition to this garbage, which would've given some well-deserved attention to burgeoning Canadian "talent", but unless you're a bad jazz musician with a press kit, forget it. Here's what you don't get to read about: The Stinkies, Knuckledusters, Violent Brothers, Blowhard, cub, the Ugly Bug Band, Blue Rodeo, the Aaron Keele Contingent, Rubber Girlfriend, et cetera, but if you wanna talk about any of these or something you're involved in, or write anything related to music, call me at 516-0116. — Your Editrix, Noami

Noami

bum, embarrassingly dumb attacks on cops and yuppie types. I like a hearty round of yuppie-bashing as much as the next mid-twenties unemployed musician, but these lyrics manage the difficult feat of making Crass seem intelligent and subtle. I was hoping they were satirizing the whole genre of "political" lyricism, but nope — they're serious. Even Rage Against The Hype Machine That Faxed Every Paper In The Western Hemisphere To Let Us Know How No - Bullshit They Were... where was

1? Oh ya — Rage Against The Machine's "Cock While You Suck And Smile" have better lyrics. Then again, the music is kinda fun. It's your call. You can reach Under God by writing John Magyar @ 876 Broadview Ave., M4K 2R1.

Kevin Thirds



more on this latest bit of street-cred-preserving corporate trickery) directly opposite to the pioneering DIY ethic of Dischord. It champions a shallow, fashion-based gutter-punk/drug-addict lifestyle for which straightedge was explicitly intended to present a positive alternative.

Finally, for all the PR-material's rhetoric, the music goes 20 years into the past to resurrect early British punk and then fucks that up with slick Epitaph production and an overdose of generic fake ska. It's catchy and well-played (and admittedly better than their last fiasco, *Let's Go*) but it gets old really quickly...and it's definitely not hardcore.

Jerry Garcia's Dirty Needle

erful than on this debut record. No metal, no mohawks, no melody...just hardcore.

So, if this is a Rancid review, why have I just spent three paragraphs discussing Minor Threat? Well, you see, Rancid's big trip is ripping off the past in order to create a market-friendly post-grunge cartoon replica of punk, based primarily around a road-warrior fashion of such second-string UK leather, bristles, stud and acne poseur faves as GBH (Great Big Haircuts) and the ever-more-pathetic Exploited and radio-ready rip-off of the first three Clash LPs: certainly nowhere near what anyone but a *Spin*-magazine reader would call hardcore, but just "punk" enough to get them in on the Bad Religion/Green Day/Offspring punk-lite hype campaign. It's no surprise, then, that the band would choose to blatantly steal the cover of the aforementioned Minor Threat 7", adorn it with a few "punk" image signifiers (mohawks, Doc-Moron boots, black nail polish) and use it for their new CD. Instant "old-school" points, right? Now maybe the skaters will line up along with the mall punks!

What is ironic and totally unintentional, I'm sure, is the complete regression that this CD represents in comparison to the very record that it rips off. It's designed purely to sell units of ultra-lame "indie-rock" label Epitaph (and might, evidence seems to suggest, actually be on Epic — stay tuned for

Speaking of stealing riffs, Rancid ain't got nothing on Parade of Losers, who graced the Velvet Underground this summer. They are, of course, the real thing: street-wise, real-as-fuck pissed-off punk rock. They'll tell you so themselves if their manager lets them. They sound exactly like what you'd get if a bunch of A & R people got together to create a punk band. Their songs go sorta like this: "Bad Religion intro, Decendents' verse riff, Green Day chorus, early-DRI thrash bit, back to Decendents riff". "Generic" is just too tame a word and too emotionally-neutral: there is a cold, evil purpose behind their genericism. They have stage-banter that goes like this: "This song is called 'People Suck' but not you, Toronto, cuz you fuckin' rock!" or "This song's called 'Attitude Check' and when I say that I want you all to yell 'Fuck you!'". My friend Amy changed that to "You suck!" and yelled it all night. She is punk rock. POL did one of the most by-the-book equipment-smashing scenes I've seen and ran backstage to drink Coors Light. They are not punk rock.

Kevin Thirds

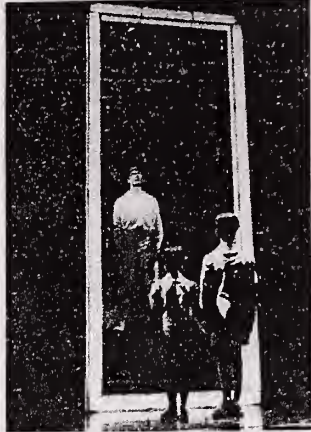
by HKC

Who's Tommy ?

Pete Townsend and the Who's *Tommy* is a sensational, dazzling and super charged visual and auditorial explosion from beginning to end. Regardless of which Generation you may come from, this is a once in a life time musical that will be talked about for decades. There are no Nine Inch Nails songs or REM depressing themes (*what??? if this being rhetorical or just baiting the layour editor?-ed.*). What *Tommy* offers the audience is a non - stop entertaining musical. Although, many would call *Tommy* a live music video, and they have good reason to state this, it is nonetheless visually stimulating, eye teasing and intelligent.

Tommy is an excellently weaved story about a child who witnesses the death of his father. He is traumatized and is unable to speak. His inability to speak leads to his abuse; physically, mentally, and sexually by his family. *Tommy*, now considered by many doctors deaf and dumb, learns to play pinball, hence, earning his nickname - Pinball Wizard. It is through pinball that he begins to find himself. I found that Pete Townsend's story about hope, faith, and healing was superbly put together on stage by director Des McAnuff. His ability to tell *Tommy*'s story through his eyes on stage transcends good story telling, it illustrates just how good McAnuff really is as a director.

Unlike other musicals like



4. R. Kelly, Ross (Tommy Walker), Jeni Lake (Tommy), age 11 and Mark Zake (Tommy, age 10) in a scene from the Canadian Premiere of The Who's TOMMY. Now playing at the Elgin Theatre, 189 Yonge St. Toronto. For tickets call (416) 872-5555. Photo credit: Michael Cooper. For Press Information contact: John Karadzianis (416) 593-0351.



Tyler Ross (Tommy) and The Company in a scene from the Canadian Premiere of The Who's TOMMY. Now playing at the Elgin Theatre, 189 Yonge St. Toronto. For tickets call (416) 872-5555. For Press Information, contact: John Karadzianis (416) 593-0351. Photo credit: Michael Cooper.

Absolutely, Insanely Crazy for Crazy for You

by HKC

Funny. Vivacious. Absolutely amusing. They are just a few words that can best describe this new Gershwin musical comedy. *Crazy for You* is a breath of fresh air in Toronto's string of serious musicals such as *Miss Saigon*, *Showboat*, *Phantom of the Opera* and *Tommy*. This light hearted love comedy brings out the joy and happiness in joy and happiness.

Crazy for You is in some transcendental way a "Threesome". Actually it is a story about two guys and a girl. However, it isn't about a homosexual who likes a straight guy who likes a girl who likes the homosexual. The concept of the threesome comes into the story by accident than anything else. The story is about a wealthy man, Bobby Child who's mother wants him to live on a theatre owned by Polly Baker, a resident of Deadrock, Nevada. Although Bobby wants to be a dancer, he isn't able to impress Bela Zangler, hence, Bobby goes to Deadrock to repossess the Theatre.



Members of the company in the exuberant number "I Got Rhythm" from the Canadian premiere production of the new Gershwin musical comedy CRAZY FOR YOU, now playing at The Royal Alexandra Theatre, 260 King St. West. Tickets (416) 872-1212. Photo: Michael Cooper. Press Contact: John Karadzianis (416) 593-0351.

At Deadrock he meets Polly, who quickly discovers that he is suppose to repossess the Theatre at which point she despises Bobby for lying to her. This sets the scenario where Bobby's only recourse is to try to prevent his mother from repossessing the Theatre. He recruits dancers from New York to help him put a show in Deadrock, helping to help pay off his mother. Bobby is disguised as Bela Zangler, whom Polly falls madly in love with, not knowing that she is in fact falling in love with Bobby. When the real Bela Zangler arrives in town, the hilarious play on words and slapsticks begin.

The substitutes: Laurie Murdoch, Scott Drewitz, Michael Rawley, Rennie Wilkinson and Dinah Christie, who plays mother, all performed superbly. Everyone was just great.

It was a fun and entertaining afternoon for all parties involved. We even saw Ed Mirvish himself in the audience enjoying this hilarious musical.

This is definitely the musical to bring someone special.

Canadian Environmental Solutions

by WFL & S.C.

What is Canada doing in terms of promoting Canadian Environmental Solutions? Well, Industry Canada has a new multimedia package which is called Canadian Environmental Solutions. This new package is designed to provide the user with a quick list of problems and solutions at the touch of their finger tips. This information package is in its preliminary stages and will be in CD ROM form later this fall. The user is able to search for specific environmental problems and solutions by simply typing in key words. These environmental problems may be relevant to all sectors of the economy, both domestically and internationally. The private industry, all levels of governments, academics and consultants have found the Canadian Environmental Solutions to be very useful. This new product by Industry Canada is user friendly and has an on-line help feature.

Environmental problems dealing specifically with water, air and soil, which dominates many industry sectors, especially in the municipal level are dealt with in this multimedia package. The objective of this product is to con-

tain 500 environmental problems, 1000 solutions and descriptions for those problems. In addition, this product will supply 600 companies that will supply those solutions, their contacts and their phone and fax numbers. Companies are free to participate in the Canadian Environmental Solutions free of charge.

This multimedia package will be updated on a continuing basis to ensure accuracy and new companies, problems and solutions. The importance of this Canadian product is that it supports Canadian companies and Canadian content. Thus, the companies supplied for the solutions will not only enhance their exposure in the environmental industry, but help boost our economy. This package was the only proposal presented at the G-7 meeting in Halifax this year, which help promote this product overseas.

Furthermore, this package is also on the Internet. The Environmental Affairs Branch of Industry Canada has developed an environmental industry network, called ENV-I-NET. It is an on-line bulletin board service (BBS) that

allows companies to obtain information on a wide range of environment related issues. ENV-I-NET provides updated information as new material is continually being added. This material includes national, international, private and public sources. ENV-I-NET is perfect for any party interested in the environment. This product has been a successful information source for private companies, governments, academics, agencies, associations, and other such consumers.

ENV-I-NET is FREE to any Canadian user and can be accessed via modem by dialling 1-800-507-7456. The minimum requirements for connecting to ENV-I-NET are at least 286 IBM compatible, a 1200 to 14.4 baud modem.



A Sample
↓

Canadian Environmental Solutions

Centre for Analytical and Environmental Chemistry (CAEC)
 Carleton University
 1125 Colonel By Dr.
 Ottawa, Ontario
 K1S 5B6

Research & Development

CONTACT: Dr. Robert Burk, Manager
Tel: (613) 788-3841
Fax: (613) 788-3749

Organization Overview:

RESEARCH CAPACITY:

The CAEC has expertise in analytical method development, fundamental studies of physical, organic and inorganic systems, compound synthesis, and environmental studies of priority pollutants.

PROJECTS UNDERTAKEN:

- Determination of pesticides and herbicides in natural waters.
- Supercritical fluid extraction of organics directly from water.
- Determination of solubilities of pharmaceuticals in supercritical fluids.
- Separation of uranium and processing products for radiogenicity testing.
- Synthesis of analytical standards including polychlorinated naphthalenes, haloacetic acids and esters, and congeners of toxaphene.
- Application of high intensity ultrasound to the hydration of titanium trioxide.
- Application of high intensity ultrasound to the destruction of organochlorines.

RESEARCH ORGANIZATION:

The CAEC represents the expertise of a diverse group of chemists both from within Carleton University and without, e National Research Council Canada, Environment Canada, Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada, Ontario Ministry of Energy and Environment, Health Canada, and Natural Resources Canada. Virtually every type of analytical chemical instrumentation is available through the Centre.

Members of the Centre have combined experience with most matrices, eg. air, water, soil and other solids including many the common extraction/concentration techniques as well as many reverse osmosis/ultrafiltration and solid phase synthesis of materials for toxicological studies, as recent examples are isomerically pure congeners of toxaphene industry and government in research, development and technical expertise to assist environmental or economic policy modelling, synthesis of materials for toxicological studies, as analytical standards or metabolic/decomposition products. Two recent examples are isomerically pure congeners of toxaphene and polychlorinated naphthalenes.

The talents of members of the Centre have been utilized by industry and government in research, development and consulting. The members of the Centre can also offer technical expertise to assist environmental or economic policy planning, eg. assessment of technical literature and modelling.

ASSOCIATES:

- Dr. Robert Burk, Ph.D., Manager
- Dr. C.L. Chakrabarti, Ph.D., Professor
- Dr. Edward P.C. Lai, Ph.D., Associate Professor
- Dr. Poeter Krus, Ph.D., Professor
- Dr. Bryan Hollebone, Ph.D., Professor
- Dr. Robert Wightman, Ph.D., Associate Professor

Industry Canada
Canada's Environmental Solutions

Research & Development

Product/Technology:
 Extraction of PCBs from biological materials
Product/Technology:
 Supercritical fluid technology

Description:
 The determination of organic species in environmental solids usually involves an extraction step using an organic solvent. This step is the most time consuming and is often the source of analytical error, including loss of analyte and/or contamination. The use of organic solvents is increasingly being curtailed due to their toxicity and costs of disposal.

Supercritical fluids offer several significant advantages over conventional liquid solvents. These are fluids compressed and heated to a point where their physical properties are between those of liquids and those of gases. Extraction using supercritical fluids are fast, efficient, and use virtually no organic solvents. Using supercritical fluids, the CAEC has extracted a variety of species from a variety of matrices. Priority pollutants (eg. PCBs, pesticides, and other organochlorines), heavy metals and pharmaceuticals have been extracted from such matrices as water, soils, fly ash, river sediments, wood and plants.

Supercritical fluid technology has applications in wastewater treatment, drinking water treatment, analytical chemistry and chemical and pharmaceutical processing. The CAEC has extensive experience in the field, with co-located research in fundamental and applied aspects of the subject. Several Ph.D. degrees have been granted to students studying the field, and approximately one dozen contracts have been completed.

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 Centre for Analytical and Environmental Chemistry (CAEC), Carleton University

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 - Women's Self-Defense for Lesbians
 3 Saturdays, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3
 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. 519 Church St.
 - Women's Self-Defense for Women
 2 Saturdays, Mar. 10 and 17
 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Hart House
 - Women's Self-Defense for Women of Colour
 2 Saturdays, Mar. 10 and 17
 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Women's Centre
 - Women's Self-Defense for Mothers and Daughters
 2 Sundays, Apr. 28 and May 5
 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. location t.b.a.

- fall**
- Women's Self-Defense for Women
 Student Leaders and Journalists
 5 Wednesdays, Oct. 11 to Nov. 8
 6:30 - 9:30 p.m. New College
 - Urban Self-Protection
 3 Saturdays, Oct. 21 to Nov. 4
 10:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. Hart House
 for men and women
 - Women's Self-Defense for Women
 5 Mondays, Oct. 16 to Nov. 13
 6:30 - 9:30 p.m. New College
 - Self-Defense for Gay Men
 2 Saturdays, Oct. 14 and 21
 12 noon - 4:30 p.m. 519 Church St.
 - Women's Self-Defense for Lesbians
 2 Saturdays, Nov. 11 and 18
 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. 519 Church St.
 - Women's Self-Defense for Women
 2 Saturdays, Nov. 12 and 19
 10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Hart House

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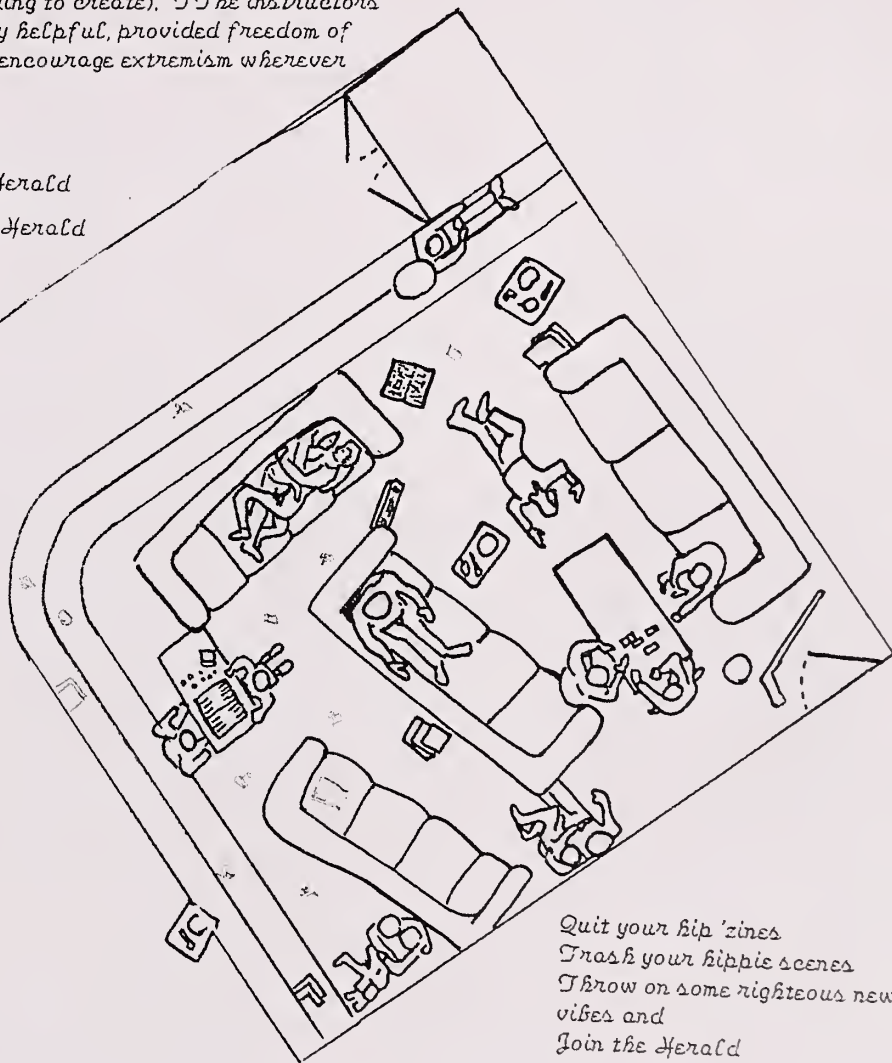
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